

THE QUIVER

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"He greeted Mr. Dalrymple with an insolent stare."—p. 516.

TWO YEARS.

A TALE OF TO-DAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MISCHIEF-MAKING.

UPON an early evening the little family reunion took place in Patricia's drawing-room, and proved a decided success. Horace Eden was enough by himself, by his power of harmonising discords,

his rare power of suasion—it was certainly not moral suasion—to make the party go smoothly. He acted upon reserved and chilly people like a good fire on a wintry day; they drew near it, and so nearer to each

other. He was a good radiator, and he found the Macnaughten girls, highly polished as they were, brilliant reflectors.

Nelly was not a reflector, and the influence which she was formed to radiate was hidden from their eyes. She was very quiet; but the quietness became her position, and Harry was unobtrusively attentive, and all were kind to her.

On Miss Macnaughten Horace chiefly exercised his art of pleasing, for an art it was. She had heard of him, and of his misdeeds; but she forgot them in his presence. It must be prejudice on Douglas Dalrymple's part, she thought to herself, as many a one had thought in the same way before her; and she resolved that he should have an opportunity of setting himself right with that gentleman.

The next meeting of the same sort took place, therefore, at Miss Macnaughten's, and Mr. Dalrymple was invited, and did not fail to come. But the new element seemed at first to extinguish Horace Eden. It did more than that. Like a new component added to a chemical composition, it made the others separate and show individually what they were made of. They had been reading a poem of Tennyson's. Mr. Dalrymple went up to Nelly, who was sitting with Harry a little apart, and as he thought a little uncomfortable, and asked if she had finished it.

"I have just finished it to-day," she replied.

And they entered on a brisk little discussion of the merits of the book which need not be repeated here. From Tennyson they passed to Browning, whom Nelly had not found so immensely difficult to understand as some pretend to find him. They touched lightly on the various works of the last author, not one of which Harry had read; and passed on to other and graver writers, of whom he had not even heard. He began to feel at a discount; and, after lingering a little, turned away.

It was Jane Macnaughten he turned to, and she was ready to amuse him after a fashion, while amusing herself at his expense. Nelly's eyes more than once wandered towards them, and Mr. Dalrymple's followed hers.

"He would be quite content with any pretty woman," was his mental comment. "Why should he have the one whom alone of all others many a better man would prize?"

As the evening advanced, the want of amalgamation among the little party became more and more apparent; so much so, that Miss Macnaughten withdrew Jane and Grace to sing duets together, in the hope that they might mix better when the music was over; but the move did not succeed. Mr. Palmer senior persisted in claiming her attention, and so leaving her no room for the exercise of her own skill as a social tactician, and the young people were as persistently perverse as before. Jane and Mr. Harry Palmer would go together, and Mr. Dalrymple and Nelly. Jane saw that she was in-

curring her aunt's displeasure; for, to say the least, she was exerting herself to be agreeable to the young man, and the keen eyes of the elder lady were at no loss to discover the symptoms of a covert flirtation. But Jane did not care for the discovery, for she was not the least in earnest, and had no intention of captivating Mr. Harry Palmer. If she did captivate him, it would be without damage to Nelly, and only make a little mischief.

Jane liked a little mischief. She dropped the merest hint of a hint that Nelly admired Mr. Dalrymple, just to see how her companion would take it, and was amazed at the rush of colour which took his face by storm. It gave her more respect for him, for it was not the colour of awkward shyness, but of fierce passion. The seed of jealousy which she had sown at random had dropped into a vigorous soil, and it had not dropped to die.

"He is one of the knights-errant of the nineteenth century," she said, "who go about to rescue distressed damsels and slay social dragons, and Miss Chapelle gives him a great deal of sympathy."

Harry looked moodily towards them, and felt that he did not know this Miss Chapelle. That lady with the serious air was not the Nelly of the factory whom he could call all his own; though she had a look, even then, that set her apart from being a mere pet and plaything. "And what if she preferred the man by her side?" he thought; and he looked again, to be struck by the noble face and graceful bearing with a keen sense of inferiority as far as personal advantages were concerned.

"What is he?" was the question he put to his companion, in a tone which Mr. Dalrymple would almost have been justified in calling boorish.

"He is nothing in particular, only the nephew of an earl, and a man of property; and clever enough for anything," Jane replied; putting the case rather strongly.

The seed, which has the property of Jonah's gourd, began to germinate. Then his sense of property in Nelly was roused, and when at length he quitted Jane Macnaughten's side, and went over to her, he showed it rather offensively, Mr. Dalrymple thought.

"I will proclaim a truce with that fellow Eden," Mr. Dalrymple said to himself, "the better to watch these two. She shall not sacrifice herself to him if I can help it. I have no doubt her mother fairly sold her," he added, being fond of a theory for things. And he went over to that gentleman, and told him, without mincing matters, that he wished to be on friendly terms with him for the present.

Horace Eden felt so elated with this, that the next morning, when Patricia brought on the question of ways and means once more, he shelved it entirely, saying: "I thought over matters yesterday, and I find there is no necessity for making any change. It would be equivalent to a retreat in warfare."

"Which may save a defeat," she said quickly.

"It would be more likely to lead to it in this case," he returned.

"Well, you know best," was her answer; but she resolved, as far as she was concerned, to spend less for the future.

And Horace Eden had put away from him the last chance of confession, and, perhaps, of salvation from a life of miserable imposture. He could make capital out of Mr. Dalrymple's renewed intimacy, and he determined to show him off on the first opportunity.

CHAPTER XIX.

PATRICIA'S PARTY.

Miss MACNAUGHTEN had seriously remonstrated with her eldest niece, for her conduct towards Mr. Harry Palmer, and she had been ready with her playful excuse, and had taken the warning that followed demurely. "I assure you I have not done the slightest damage. You should have seen how savagely jealous he was of Mr. Dalrymple."

Miss Macnaughten could not quite understand Jane. Sometimes she thought that Mr. Dalrymple had gained her affections, and at other times she treated him so lightly and mockingly, that the idea seemed groundless. She was much too wise to interfere in so delicate an affair, and in such matters she was delicate to fastidiousness, in spite of a certain hardness which was natural to her, or seemed so. She said nothing in reply to the last remark, which Jane had made quite carelessly, but it caused her some uneasiness nevertheless. "Oh! those girls," she said to herself, "I wish they would make up their minds to be old maids like me;" which they were very unlikely to do, as they were not in the least like her.

She was uneasy, and her thoughts took the same direction as those of Mr. Harry Palmer had done. What if Nelly was at heart ambitious? but no, it needed no ambition; such a girl as Nelly had only to see such a man as Mr. Dalrymple side by side with Harry Palmer, to give preference to the former. So argued Miss Macnaughten; but she was arguing from mistaken premisses, for no such comparison had entered into Nelly's mind, and if it had she would have decided it quite the other way. She was not painfully alive to poor Harry's intellectual deficiencies, as the Macnaughtens would have been, for she had far more intellect than either of them, and could distinguish clearly between natural and acquired power, and Harry had plenty of the former. He might not read Browning, but he had a manly spirit and a tender heart; and he had chosen her and loved her when no one else thought of her. Nelly would love him to the end. She longed to share with him the intellectual treasures she had gathered. She longed, like all true lovers, to give and not to get. She could not weigh and measure him, and give so much love for so much lovableness in moral and

intellectual qualities; but then she had endowed him with courage and constancy and all the manly virtues, out of the wealth of her own imagination.

And as yet she had been slightly disappointed. There was something which she missed in him. The eagerness, the glow, was gone somehow, but she blamed the circumstances under which they met, and waited for it to return. To return!—it would no more return than yesterday when it is gone. And those lines on his face, what did they betoken? She could not read them. And no wonder. They were not the clear markings of thought, nor yet the deep traces of anxiety and suffering, nor yet the firm lines of strenuous labour. She did not know that they were scrawled there by a power as potent as any of these, by careless self-indulgence, which, as yet, owing to the sane mind in the sane body, inherited from an ancestry of goodly peasants, had not degenerated into vice. Self-indulgence, the bane of his class—the bane of any class which makes little or no call on the higher energies of its members, while surrounding them with every physical enjoyment—was eating out the nobler qualities of Harry Palmer's mind, and was deadening his energies, and dulling his very senses. And now it did not seem that Nelly had the power to rouse him from it. He did not think of giving her up. As he saw more of her, and he began to see her every day now, he admired her more and more; but he thought her colder and sadder than she ought to be, and sometimes turned with a kind of relief to the brightness and gaiety of Jane Macnaughten.

Their marriage was fixed for the first of September, and they were to spend as much of that month as seemed good to them in Scotland. Jane and Grace were going there a month earlier with their father, who was expected about the middle of July, and they were to return in time to act as bridesmaids.

When this was fixed, Patricia gave a party, at her husband's instigation, as they, too, were likely to be absent for a few weeks, and he thought it necessary to introduce Nelly to their friends. To this party Mr. Dalrymple was invited, and accepted the invitation without delay. More than one gentleman, to whom he casually mentioned Mr. Dalrymple's name, accepted also, who would otherwise have sent a refusal. A sprinkling of members of Parliament, and the inevitable lord, rather young and weak in this instance, were booked for the evening, and Mr. Eden began already to consider it a success. As for Patricia, she already hated the whole thing. She felt it undignified to care a great deal whether Mrs. So-and-So and her bevy of daughters, for whom she had no particular liking, came to her house or not. She felt it undignified even to ask people at all for whom she did not care. There seemed to be something untruthful in it; seeking the society of those whose society she did not want, and she was vexed with Horace for not being able to see it in this light.

"Do not ask those Jobsons," she entreated, when

the invitations were being sent out; "I cannot bear them."

"Dear, I am so sorry; but I have asked Jobson already," he replied. "He is so useful to me, that I do not like to offend him, and he has been taking offence at your manner, thick-skinned as he seems. I know you will try and be civil to him for my sake, dearest. A little civility ought to go a great way with Jobson, for he has not much himself certainly," he added, with an attempt at a laugh.

"I will try; but I am not good at make-believes, and I feel sure he is a bad man," said Patricia.

"He is not so bad as he seems perhaps; you are a little hard on poor mortals, Patricia. Do you think you could forgive me if I had wronged you, or were to wrong you?"

"I do not think I could," said Patricia, candidly, smiling as she inflicted the deadly wound, for her smile said plainly, "It is an idle supposition. You could not do anything that I could call wrong."

The evening came. The dinner, provided for the family and one or two favoured guests, was excellent, and passed off well. About ten the party began to arrive, and the rooms were quickly filled, but not crowded. The M.P.'s made their appearance a little later, looking rather fagged, having dined out already, for it was a Wednesday; and last of all his lordship, looking most fagged of all, sauntered in, crush hat in hand, intending to stay ten minutes exactly, and show himself somewhere else, before finishing the evening with a friend at billiards. "She received like a duchess," he said to the friend, speaking of Patricia, "and there were one or two really good-looking girls in the rooms."

Mrs. Jobson was there, beaming in the presence of a lord, and Mr. Jobson, who was anything but beaming, and who might have been heard to mutter, after encountering Patricia's haughty recognition, "She'll have to come down a peg or two one of these days!"

After wandering through the rooms, with a scowl which might have served the stage villain of a penny theatre, and which was rather out of keeping with a West-end drawing-room, that gentleman betook himself to a small room on the opposite side of the landing, where he proceeded to make himself quite at home. Thither, as the door stood open, Mr. Dalrymple followed; but as he saw no one there except the owner of that wonderful frown, he retired again without speaking. A little later he looked in again, for he was wandering about like a homeless ghost. He had been down to Banffshire, looking after his Scotch property, and had returned to be met by Miss Macnaughten with the unwelcome intelligence, that Nelly's wedding-day was fixed—intelligence which she had lost no time in communicating to him.

He looked in again, and there sat the scowling individual still alone; but some one had visited him in his solitude, for he was consoling himself, as it ap-

peared, with brandy and water. He greeted Mr. Dalrymple with an insolent stare, which that gentleman met with the faintest possible smile, and retired once more, resolving, however, to pay another visit to this new Timon before the evening was over.

He had avoided Nelly all the evening, though he had not seemed to lose sight of her for a single moment. She was standing by the side of Harry Palmer when he entered the room again, and Horace Eden had just stepped up to them.

"I wish you would come with me for a little," said the latter to his brother-in-law; "Jobson has turned sulky, and I can do nothing with him."

Just then Mr. Dalrymple passed behind his host, and the words reached his ear, drowned as they seemed to the speaker in the music going on. "That is our Timon, doubtless," he thought, and was passing on with a bow to Nelly, who, however, would not let him pass, but stretched out her hand to him with brightening eagerness.

"Will you go over beside Anne for a while?" said Harry, addressing her, after a formal "how-do-you-do?" had passed between him and Mr. Dalrymple.

"Allow me to conduct you," said the latter, "I think there is a seat on the sofa beside Miss Palmer," and he led Nelly away, while Harry followed his brother-in-law out of the room.

He led her to the seat, and stood himself, leaning against the wall behind. A little lady in pink gloves and black lace sat on the other side of Anne Palmer. Her complexion pearly white and pink, her little mouth red as coral, her bright eyes without a gleam of expression, Mrs. Jobson looked infatigable as ever. Mr. Dalrymple glanced down at her with admiration—the admiration he would have bestowed on a beautiful shell or a set of sparkling jewels. Alas! she opened the perfect little mouth, and there dropped from it, to his utter consternation, the words, "I wonder where Jobson has got to."

The words were addressed to Anne, but it was Mr. Dalrymple who replied, even before Anne performed the slight ceremony of introduction, which included him as well as Nelly, "I believe he is in the room opposite by himself."

"And what is he about?" asked the little lady.

"He is drinking brandy and water, I think," answered Mr. Dalrymple, taken completely by surprise.

"Oh, I hope he won't take too much!" she returned, with alarming frankness. "He does so frighten me."

"Shall we go to him?" said Anne, kindly.

"Oh, no!" she cried, looking really alarmed; "he would be dreadfully angry."

"Let me go alone and see after him," said Anne, rising; for she knew enough of the poor little creature's lot to make her very pitiful towards her. "I would run away," she had said one day, "if I only

knew where to go; but I have neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. His father was my guardian, you know, and he is dead."

So Anne went, and Nelly took her place beside Mrs. Jobson. Mr. Dalrymple still stood behind, for his interest was roused. He had never seen such an extraordinary pair as Mr. and Mrs. Jobson, and though he likened her to the little pink figure on the top of a twelfth cake, seeing it was human blood that tinted the pearly skin, he could not bear to see her in the grip of a monster.

He watched Anne's return with a feeling akin to anxiety, and when, after a considerable interval, she did return, her tell-tale face showed that something was wrong. "What a grave, noble face Miss Palmer

has!" he thought to himself; "I never noticed her before, but I never saw compassion so completely expressed in my life."

Something had gone wrong indeed. The mistress of the house had returned from that opposite room stern and pale, and had whispered to her husband that this man's behaviour was an insult, which she would not endure. From where he stood, Mr. Dalrymple saw them going and coming. Horace Eden looked as he had seen him look before, breathing hard and staring like a hunted animal. No one else had noticed, and the guests paired off to supper a little after midnight, Mr. Dalrymple taking both Mrs. Jobson and Nelly, as Harry had not again made his appearance.

(To be continued.)

ST. PAUL A WORKING MAN AND IN WANT.

BY THE REV. S. COX, OF NOTTINGHAM.

PART I.

WHEN St. Paul was at Corinth, about the very time that he found employment in the workshop of Aquila and Priscilla, a picturesque scene transpired in Rome, which still lives in history, which has a special interest for Englishmen, and to which I may be permitted to refer as it will help to fix the date of my subject in our minds.*

A little more than forty years after the birth of Christ, the Roman legions, led by the Emperor Claudius, had effected a landing on the eastern coast of Britain; and gained a decisive victory over our fathers. For nearly ten years, however, Caractacus, our first great hero, maintained a stubborn and gallant conflict against the victorious legions. Driven gradually to the west and north, he made his last stand among the hills of Wales. Here, after a terrible and bloody contest, he was defeated; he fled as far as to Yorkshire, hoping still to renew the war. His hope was turned to shame by the treachery of the Queen of the Brigantes, who put him in chains, and betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. He, with his wife, his daughter, his brothers, and many other of his attached followers, was carried captive to Rome. His fame had preceded him. All Italy was eager to see the brave chieftain who had so long defied the imperial armies. A grand military spectacle was prepared. The Emperor Claudius, with his consort Agrippina by his side, appeared seated on a lofty tribunal before the gates of the Prætorian camp. The Roman standards waved over his head. The imperial guards stood under arms round the royal seat. The people of Rome hemmed in the pageant with a dense living

mass. The slaves and followers of the British chief were first paraded with the trophies taken in the war. Then followed his wife, and daughter, and brothers, bewailing their hard fate with tears and cries that won no pity. Last of all came Caractacus himself, "pride in his port, defiance in his eye;" his bearing so worthy of his cause and fame as to compel universal admiration. As he passed the throne, he paused, and appealed to the emperor. "Had my moderation," he said, "been equal to my success, I had appeared here as a friend, not as a captive. . . My present lot redounds as much to your glory as to my shame. I had horses, men, arms, treasures. What wonder if I was bent on keeping them? If you would lord it over all, it does not follow that all would be lorded over by you. Had I yielded without a blow, neither had I won a name, nor you your laurels. Wreak your vengeance on me, and the deed will soon pass into oblivion. Spare my life, and the memorial of your clemency will live for ever."*

The proud appeal was heard with favour: the illustrious captive was spared. He remained in Rome in honourable custody for many years; he was still there when St. Paul visited Rome and became a prisoner in the Prætorian camp.

The two men, each of whom had perilled his life in a great cause, may possibly have met. Some writers are even sanguine enough to believe that they did meet, and that, under Paul's teaching, Caractacus became a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. However that may have been, it is very certain that while Caractacus was asking for life at Rome, St. Paul was asking for work at Corinth.

Another event had recently transpired at Rome,

* Tacitus, "Annals," xii. 38-39.

in which we have some concern. It was mainly by the help of Herod Agrippa that Claudius, the conqueror of Britain, had been raised to the imperial throne. The emperor retained a grateful recognition of the service the Jewish prince had rendered him. In proof of his gratitude, Claudius confirmed Agrippa in his authority as ruler of Galilee, and added to his domain the provinces of Samaria and Judea. He also, for Agrippa's sake, showed great favour to the Jews, who crowded to Rome, and rose to no small influence in the State.

For thirteen years his favour knew no change. Then, however, two causes conspired to alienate him from the Hebrew people. First, the Jews of Judea broke out into revolt against the Roman yoke. Fierce and bloody conflicts occurred between the Jewish Zealots and the Roman legions. It was not deemed safe to permit many thousands of a disaffected and hostile race to remain in the imperial city. Hence, as we read in Acts xviii. 2, an edict was passed in which "Claudius commanded all Jews to depart from Rome."

The political disaffection of the Jews was not, however, the only reason for this edict. We get new light upon it from a very unexpected source. Suetonius, the Latin historian, wrote a life of the Emperor Claudius, and in that life there occurs this remarkable phrase: "The Jews who, instigated by Chrestus, were in constant commotion, he (Claudius) banished from Rome."*

Two things are remarkable in this passage. It is not remarkable that a heathen historian should call the Lord Jesus *Chrestus*, instead of *Christus*, for *Chrestus*, or "Good," was a common name with the Romans, while *Christus*, or "Anointed," was wholly unknown to them; and Suetonius might well make a mistake in a single letter.† And again, he, in common with all Romans of culture, despised the superstitions of the Jews too much to give them a careful examination. The Christians to him were simply a Jewish sect. He gives us his opinion of them.‡ They were in his eyes "a race of men" who pestered the world "with a novel and malignant superstition;" and therefore we could not expect him to give us an exact account of them. But, nevertheless, it is remarkable that, twenty years after Christ had been put to death by a Roman statesman, a learned Roman historian should suppose him to be alive and causing commotions in Rome, a city in which he had never set his foot. It is also remarkable that thus early there should be a vigorous Christian

Church in Rome. When Suetonius says that "the Jews were banished from Rome because, moved by Christ, they were in constant commotion," he, no doubt, means that the dissensions between Jews and Christians had already risen to such a height as to attract public attention, and appeared to threaten the public peace. Yet when the Jews were expelled from Rome, scarcely twenty years had elapsed since the death of Christ. St. Paul did not arrive in Rome till ten years after this date. No other apostle had been there. The good seed had sprung up of itself. The great Roman Church was founded we know not how. But for the casual phrase of a heathen historian, we should not have known that it was a strong zealous church in the days of the Emperor Claudius—so strong that the rage of the Jews against it bred commotions which were thought to be dangerous to the public weal.

This edict, then, which banished the Jews from Rome, was occasioned both by their political disaffection and their religious disputes. Among the Jews whom it expelled were Aquila and Priscilla, the tent-makers. Banished from Rome, they took refuge in Corinth, where they set up their factory and resumed their traffic. And one day there stood at their door a little man with weak eyes, and of a feeble presence, who said that he, too, was a Jew and a tent-maker, and asked for work.

Now, how came St. Paul to want work at a handicraft? How came he to be able to do it? He was of a good family—he had filled high positions in Church and State. His father, although a Cilician, was a Roman citizen, for Paul was "free born;" and a provincial could become a Roman citizen only by public services, or by purchasing "this freedom with a great sum of money." St. Paul had been to college—sat at the feet of Gamaliel, the most famous teacher of his time. He himself was an ordained and recognised rabbi. The Sanhedrim had employed him in the service of the State. Even when he passed from the Temple to the Church, from persecuting to serving Christ, he was at once raised to the ministry and apostleship, and came not a whit behind the chiefest of the apostles. How should such a one have learned to work with his hands? how should he need to work with them?

The answer to that question reminds us of a great distinction between the Oriental and Western races. We of Europe hold that no man can be a gentleman—that no man can take a respectable, and much less a high position in society, unless he is rich, or, at least, rich enough to be above the necessity of manual labour. We think it no small degradation if a man of rank is reduced to work with his hands. We think it absurd that a working man should try to enter Parliament, or

* "Judeos, impulsore Chresto, assidue tumultuantes Roma expulit."—Suet., "Claud." xxv.

† Yet it was singular, perhaps, that Suetonius should have fallen into this error, since in his life of Nero he gives the Christian name accurately. See the next note.

‡ "Christiani, genus hominum superstitionis novæ ac malignæ."—Suet., "Ner." xvi.

to take his place among gentlemen, until he has made a fortune; and then he is good enough for any society or any position. If we ourselves have attained any social standing, or made a little money, we shrink from apprenticing our sons to any handicraft. We would rather send them to starve in an overcrowded profession, or to earn a scanty pittance as clerks, than let them "sink" into working men, although as carpenters or coopers, builders or engine-makers, they might soon earn three times as much as a clerk, and hope, by industry and economy, to become masters and employers. They may work as hard as they like at their sports—at cricket, at boating, at gymnastics—but directly hard muscular work earns bread or wages, it is voted low, ungentle, degrading.

This absurd prejudice has never yet found a congenial soil in the East. To this day, for instance, among the Turks, a handicraftsman often rises to offices of state, and now and then to the very highest offices. And even in the Sultan's seraglio, I believe, all the young princes are taught some handicraft, in order that, if misfortunes should befall them, they may have the means of earning their own bread. Among the ancient Eastern races this sensible manly custom was more prevalent than it is in modern times; and in no nation was it more strictly observed, or more honoured in the observance, than among the Jews. It was their rule that every young man, whatever his rank or wealth, and though bred for any of the learned professions, should also be taught some handicraft. To teach their sons a craft of this kind was held to be a religious duty. Their rabbis observed and enforced it; and, so far as we can learn, it was the common and more laborious crafts which they chose. Thus, Rabbi Jose was a tanner; Rabbi Judas, a baker; Rabbi Johanan, a shoemaker; and Maimonides assures us that some of their wisest and greatest rabbis, the leading statesmen as well as the leading teachers of their time, were "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The Talmud is full of injunctions on this point. It affirms* that one of the first duties of a father to his son is "to teach him a trade"—it even ranks it on a level with "teaching him the law." Rabbi Juda, too, is very bold, and says: "He that teaches not his son a trade, does as though he taught him to be a thief." And the wise Gamaliel used to say—probably St. Paul heard him say: "He that has a craft in his hands, to what is he like?—He is like to a vineyard that is fenced:" by which he meant, I suppose, that the man's life was defended against the incursions of indolence, sickness, want.

*What is commanded of a father towards his son?—To circumcise him, to teach him the law, to teach him a trade.—Talmud.

And Rabbi *Saul* had his trade. Mechanical and yet not base, he wrought with his hands at the "art and craft" of tent-making. No doubt, as some of the commentators, jealous with a Western jealousy for Paul's honour, have pointed out, there were branches of this craft which implied no mean artistic skill. As war was then the main business of life, as the wealthiest and most distinguished men passed their lives in "the tented field"—tents were often palaces. Julius Cæsar, for instance, travelled with a chest of mosaics, which were laid down to form the pavement of his tent whenever he halted. Many such tessellated pavements are dug up on the sites of ancient Roman camps; and we may be sure that, when the pavements were so costly, the canopies were of a corresponding magnificence. We may be sure, too, from the character of the man, that whatever Paul did, he did well; that, if the chance came in his way, he was quite capable of weaving a sumptuous beautiful tent, fit for the most superb of emperors or the daintiest of princesses. But such chances were not very likely to come to any man who worked for Aquila, a fugitive Jew, now at Rome, now at Corinth, now at Ephesus. And still less were they likely to come to a workman like St. Paul, always on the move, always giving even more time and energy to his labours as rabbi and apostle than to the tasks and niceties of his craft. The probability is that, though he could never be quite a common working man, and though he would always do his work well, he wrought at the most common branches of his trade—made the small rude tents which were sold to ordinary travellers—to merchants, pedlars, freebooters, and pilgrims. The hills of Cilicia, his native country, were famous for a breed of goats, which yielded a long tenacious hair very fit for weaving into a stout impervious cloth. This cloth, called "cilicium" from Cilicia, the province in which it was produced, was on sale in all the markets of Asia, and Greece, and Rome. Wherever they went, tent-makers would find a supply of it; and it was this cloth which Paul had to cut and sew into tents, or the outside covering of tents. Hard, disagreeable work it was, I make no doubt, and badly paid; for, as we shall see, even so good a workman as Paul, working for so good and friendly a master as Aquila, could not always earn enough to live on.

But why did Paul, now that he was an apostle and had a right to live by the Gospel, waste on mechanical toils time which he was capable of employing to so much better purpose? Well, he did not think the time was wasted; he held his very work to be a preaching and a commendation of the Gospel. Then as now, the Greeks, and especially the Greeks of the seaboard, were the keenest traders of the time—the most set on gain by all

means and at all hazards. And St. Paul feared that if he "lived by the Gospel," they might suspect him of selfish motives in preaching the Gospel. With what heart could he teach them to love God and their neighbour, while they suspected that he loved himself more than his neighbours or his God,—that he was trading on his office,—that instead of seeking their good he was making gain of them? He would give these keen unscrupulous traders no ground for such a suspicion as that. He would earn his bread with his own hands, and so prove his disinterested love for them, and preach with his hands the very Gospel he spoke with his lips. Hence, no sooner does he leave inland Philippi, and come to Thessalonica, on the sea-coast, than he takes up his old craft, and goes to work as a tent-maker. In after months, in his Epistles to the Thessalonians, he reminds them of his toils, and states the motive of them. In his First Epistle* he says: "We were willing to have imparted unto you, not the Gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us. For ye remember, brethren, our labour and travail: for labouring night and day, because we would not be chargeable unto any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel of God." In his Second Epistle† he recurs to the theme, and says: "When we were with you, *this* we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat;" and puts them in remembrance of the example by which he had illustrated the precept: "Neither did *we* eat any man's bread for nought; but wrought with labour and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you." From Thessalonica Paul came down to Corinth, "the city of the two seas."‡ Here he abode one year and six months. But the very first thing recorded of him§ is, that he "found a certain Jew named Aquila, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla (because that Claudius had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome), and came unto them. And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought: for by their occupation they were tent-makers." In the Epistles he afterwards wrote to the Church at Corinth, he makes perpetual allusion to his labours as a handicraftsman. Unless we have read these Epistles with this feature of St. Paul's life in our minds, we cannot fail to be surprised as we find how large a space it occupies. I need not refer to passing or indirect allusions. It will be enough to take the three passages in which he elaborates the point. In the First Epistle he devotes as much as a whole chapter to it (the ninth chapter). He argues that as an apostle he has as great a right to a maintenance "as the other apostles, even the brethren of

the Lord and Cephas." He is a soldier: and no soldier is expected to go to a warfare at his own charges. He is a vine-planter: and no man plants a vineyard without eating of the fruit thereof. He is a shepherd: and no man feeds a flock, who does not live on the sale of its milk. He treads out the corn of heaven: is his mouth to be muzzled? He is a ploughman, a sower, a thresher: is he not to "partake" of the grain? He is a minister of the altar: is he not to live by the altar? He is a preacher of the Gospel: and the Lord himself has ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel. This was his "right," this his "power." Nevertheless, he had foregone this right; he had not used this power. Rather than use it, he had borne all kinds of toil and privation, lest the Gospel should be "hindered" by any suspicion of his disinterestedness and integrity. What was the reward at which he aimed? Nothing but this: that "when he preached the Gospel, he might make it without charge" to any; that he might be "free from all men, in order to become," of his own will, "the slave of all."

This was the reward he *sought*. The reward he *gained* was, that his very disinterestedness became a ground of suspicion. Because he did not use that right to live by the Gospel which the other apostles did use, there were some at Corinth who denied his claim to be an apostle; who did not scruple to affirm that he himself doubted his claim, or he would never have foregone his right to a maintenance. It is this argument which he meets in two agitated and pathetic passages of his Second Epistle. He affirms* that he is no whit behind those "*overmuch* apostles" who were seeking to supplant him. With some touch of humorous scorn he apologises for his sin in abasing† himself to the labours of his craft, that he might exalt his hearers and disciples by preaching to them the Gospel of God freely; for robbing other churches, that he might serve them without wage. He reminds them that when he was with them, he was at times *in want*; and that even then he was not chargeable to them. He affirms that, at least in the regions of Achaia, of which province Corinth was the capital, no man shall ever rob him of the boast, that in everything he has kept and will keep himself from being burdensome to them. "Wherefore," he cries; "because I love you not? God knows it is not that. But because I will never give an occasion to those who boast that they are apostles because they let you support them,—about the only proof of apostleship they can produce. *My* boast shall be that, though I am an apostle, I have taken nothing from you. O foolish Corinthians, if a

* 1 Thess. ii. 8, 9.

† "Bimaris Corinthus,"

‡ 2 Thess. iii. 10, 8.

§ Acts xviii. 1—3.

* 2 Cor. xi. 5—15.

† Compare 2 Cor. xi. 7, with Phil. iv. 12.



(Drawn by W. J. WEBB.)

"The parent thrush with piteous call
Bewails her brood's disastrous fate."—p. 522.

man bring you into bondage, if he devour you, if he take from you, if he exalt himself over you, ye honour these false apostles as the very servants of Christ. Will ye not honour one who has abased

himself for you, who has given to you, who has wanted rather than take from you, who has been free of you only that he might the better serve you?"

THE THRUSH.



THRUSH! that pourest, far and near,
From some dark bower thy passionate song,
Thou speakest sadder to my ear
To-day than all the feathered throng.

For when of late, in search of food,
The mother-bird had left her young,
With axe in hand, a woodsman rude,
I roved my leafy shades among;

Until at last my critic eye
Discerned a tangled beechen bough;
I heaved the sturdy steel on high,
And with three blows I struck it through.

It rocked, then down to earth it fell,
And turning, tossed upon the air
Four throistles, scarce escaped the shell,
With downy breasts and pinions bare;

Whilst wildly wheeling o'er their fall,
Returned, alas! one moment late,

The parent thrush with piteous call
Bewails her brood's disastrous fate.

Each bird, with wafts of warmest breath,
I strove to stir to life again;
But, oh! so rude the rock beneath,
All—all the little ones were slain.

In their own nest, that scarce was cold,
Their tender corpses I inurned;
Then made their grave of garden mould,
And homeward melancholy turned;

And still a voice within me said,
"Thus by the strokes of selfish power,
At random dealt, we mourn you dead,
Sweet half-fledged hopes, from hour to hour."

And this is why, in accents clear,
Pouring afar her passionate song,
One thrush speaks sadder to my ear
To-day than all the feathered throng.

ALFRED PERCEVAL.

THE HYMNS OF ENGLAND.—VI.

QUAINT AND FANTASTIC HYMNS.



IN many of our compilations of hymns for home use we meet with selections from Spenser, Withers, Quarles, Crashaw, Gascoigne, Raleigh, Herbert, Vaughan, Wotton and Herrick; but in the collections for use in places of worship, these names rarely occur. What is the reason? The writers lived in an age when devotional poetry was not the necessity which it has become since the days of Watts and Wesley and Whitefield. They wrote at a time most brilliant in the annals of literature, but most unfavourable to the development of religious life; when it was the fashion to treat the Bible as a text-book for curious riddles and enigmas. Some, unfortunately, wrote because it was the fashion to write, and not because the writers were men who had experienced the aspirations and hopes which formed the burden of their songs.

The hymn-writers of the Elizabethan age, and the period succeeding, appear to have been wholly given over to strange conceits, fanciful allusions, quaint sentences, and ingenious symbolism. The

expositions of Scripture truth were hard and cold, their praises petrified and unnatural, their appeals quaint, sometimes ludicrous, and oftentimes coarse. It seems surprising to us who have heard the hymns of Watts and Wesley sung with religious enthusiasm, how such hymns could ever have found acceptance with the people; but singing was not in vogue as a devotional exercise then as now, and we know that when times change we change with them. Nothing would "go down" then but emblematic teaching, the unrestrained use of types, and the fanciful interpretations in the pulpit and in prose literature: and we find that the hymns written during this period, and designed either for devotional use, or for the exhibition of the powers of the writers, were tainted with similar conceits.

In subsequent times we may trace a lingering love for the quaint and fantastic in hymnology, which had its rise and full development in the Elizabethan era, and it will be our purpose in the following pages to glance at some of these hymns and their writers.

A strange life in strange times was that of Sir Walter Raleigh. In the romance of history there

are few whose career was more brilliant, whose talents were more versatile, and whose end was more sad. He is pleasant to contemplate as the "soldier, courtier, sailor, scholar, orator, poet, philosopher, and hero." His poems were much esteemed in his own day, and are still read with pleasure. There is one, entitled "My Pilgrimage," which is held in just repute, and besides being biographical, gives us a fair specimen of the style which was then so strangely popular. It was written after he had fallen into the net which had been spread for him by malicious foes, and when he was condemned to death for high treason. On the night when he was taken from Westminster to his cell in the Tower; when the scene of the trial was fresh in his mind, and the sense of injustice and treachery was strong within him, his thoughts turned from earth to heaven, from the king's attorney here, to the Saviour, whom he called "the King's Attorney" there, and he wrote by lamplight this poem:—

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy (immortal diet),
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I take my pilgrimage.
No cause deferred, no vain spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And He hath angels but no fees;
And when the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death, and then we live.
Be Thou my speaker, taintless Pleader,
Unblotted Lawyer, true Proceeder;
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms,
And this is my eternal plea
To Him who made heaven, earth, and sea.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
While my soul like faithful palmer
Travelleth towards the land of heaven,
Other balm will not be given."

On the last night of his life, when again a prisoner in the Tower, fifteen years after the "Pilgrimage" was written, he wrote on the fly-leaf of his Bible the lines commencing:—

"Even such is Time, who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,"

recently quoted in full among our Stray Notes. The next day he said, "I have a long journey to go, therefore must take leave."

His quaintness was seen to the last. Taking up the axe as he stood on the scaffold, he said with a smile, "It is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases;" and then when his head was laid on the block, he spoke those well-known words which have become a proverb: "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies." So passed a true Christian knight from the perplexities and trials of a wondrously eventful

life, into the haven of rest, and he died, as he had lived, in the spirit of his own hymn:—

"To Thee, O Jesus, I direct my eyes,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees,
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees,
To Thee myself—myself and all I give,
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live."

One or two of the hymns of Sir Henry Wotton, the friend of dear old Izaak Walton, who has immortalised him in a biography, are familiar to us. He wrote many quaint and pithy things, and he spoke many—perhaps his popularity is due as much in one respect as the other. He it was who gave the definition of an ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." And when his advice was once asked in a matter of diplomatic tactics, he said, "Ever speak the truth; for if you do so, you shall never be believed, and will put your adversaries (who will still hunt counter) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings." After representing the English Court for twenty years in Venice, he returned to England, and settled down as provost of Eton, near to the river, where he could fish with his good friend Izaak Walton, who was a constant visitor. Here he led a quiet and probably a useful life, with "peace and patience cohabiting in his heart," as Walton says; and here he wrote many of his hymns.

The following "Meditation" is a good specimen of his style:—

"Oh, Thou great Power! in whom we move,
By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through Thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By Thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

"No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of zeal to quench Thine ire.
O! precious ransom, which, once paid,
That consummation *est* was said;

"And said by Him that said no more,
But sealed it with His sacred breath.
Thou, then, that hast dispurged our score,
And dying wert the death of death,
Be now, while on Thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all."

Another of Izaak Walton's friends, and a quaint and fantastic writer of hymns, was Dr. Donne. Walton was one of the Doctor's hearers, and became a convert under his preaching. He wrote his elegy, collected and published his sermons, and prefixed a biography. Donne in the pulpit, as in his writings, indulged in the strangest and subtlest fancies. Common objects were transformed into wondrous things of unknown magnificence. His delight was in grappling with some great metaphysical difficulty, and not unfrequently leaving his hold of the

subject to follow out some quaint type or symbol which engaged his fancy at the moment. In the midst of high and noble thoughts and eloquent language, he would halt to fling out such a sentence as this: "Every man is but a sponge—a sponge filled with tears." A modern writer says of him: "Whatever vivid thing starts from the thicket of thought, all is worthy game to the hunting intellect of Dr. Donne, and is followed without question of time, keeping, or harmony." And again: "The hart escapes while he follows the weasles, and squirrels, and bats."

His love of fanciful interpretations of Scripture is seen in nearly all his hymns. Take this as a specimen:—

"We think that paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place.
Look! Lord, and find both Adams met in me.
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace."

There was a tone of deep piety beneath the quaintness and humour of Dr. Donne, and he did good in the age in which he lived. Walton tells the story of his life, and gives some of those tender and sympathetic touches which make us love all whom he loved. Speaking of his death, he says: "He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change, and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatific vision, he said, 'I were miserable if I might not die;' and, after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done!'"

A remarkable man in every respect was George Withers. "I lived," he says, "to see eleven signal changes, in which not a few signal transactions providentially occurred. To wit, under the government of Queen Elizabeth, King James, Charles I., the King and Parliament together, the King alone, the Army, Oliver Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, a Council of State, the Parliament again, and now King Charles II." He was three times in prison. His deliverance from the hands of the Royalists when about to be put to death as a traitor, was owing to the intercession of the poet Denham, whose joke served as a plea in his favour when he begged his life of the king. "If your Majesty kills Withers," he said, "I shall then be the worst poet in England!" His propensity for writing amounted to a mania. The list of his works fills about thirteen columns of Dr. Bliss's edition of the "Fasti Oxonienses!" One work of great merit is called "Britain's Remembrancer," containing an account of the great plague, of which he could speak with authority, for in order to bear his testimony to the event, he remained in

his house on the Thames bank while the terrible disease was raging all around him.

Many of his best poems were written in the Marshalsea; and one, "To help them who want expression of their endurance in imprisonment, and to remember prisoners of such meditations as are pertinent to their condition," may be read biographically.

"I, whom of late
No thralldom did molest,
Of that estate
Am wholly dispossest'd;
My fest, once free,
Are strictly now confined,
Which breeds in me
A discontented mind.

"Those prospects fair
Which I was wont to have—
That wholesome air
Which fields and meadows gave,
Are changed now
For close, unpleasant cells,
Where secret woe
And open sorrow dwells."

"Lord, as I ought
My freedom had I used,
Of this, no doubt,
I might have been excused;
But I confess
The merit of my sin,
Deserves no less
Than hath inflicted been.

"Whilst here I 'bide,
Though I unworthy be,
Do Thou provide
All needful things for me;
And though friends grow
Unkind in my distress,
Yet leave not Thou
Thy servant in distress."

One of his sweetest pieces is the Rocking Hymn, written with the intent "that it might acquaint nurses and their nurse-children with the loving care and kindness of their heavenly Father." It is too long to insert here, and would spoil by cutting up, but it may be found *in extenso* in Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise."

Here is a quaint and homely little ditty of Withers', very characteristic of his style:—

"God gives not only corn for need,
But likewise superabundant seed;
Bread for our service, bread for show,
Meat for our meals, and fragments too.

"He gives not poorly, taking some
Between the finger and the thumb;
But for our glut, and for our store,
Fine flour, pressed down, and running o'er."

It was Withers' special forte to "turn water into wine," by finding in the commonest and most every-day occurrences something to set into verse. In his hymn "On a House-warming" we find such homely prayers as these:—

"Lord! keep this place, we Thee desire,
To these new-comers ever free,
From raging wind, from harmful fire,
From waters that offensive be;

From graceless child, from servants ill,
From neighbours bearing no good will;
And from the chiefest plague of life,
A husband false, a faithless wife."

The curious motto of Withers, "I grow and wither both together," was not prophetic, for despite the hardships to which his life was exposed, he lived to a green old age, and went down to the grave in peace at the age of seventy-nine.

Flourishing at the same time were two men who were similar in their love of fanciful allusions and conceits, and in many other respects, but in spiritual life, as far removed as the sacred poetry of that day is from the poetry of our own time. Both Herrick and Herbert are to be loved, but Herrick with a loving pity, and Herbert with a loving sympathy.

Herrick lived in the midst of the frivolities and vices of his time, and some of his writings are so imbued with the immoralities which were rife in his day that they are unfit for reading. Roistering Robert Herrick knew little of the calm and quiet happiness of spiritual life, such as holy George Herbert enjoyed; beneath the laughter and the ribald jest might always be heard the sigh, and under the smile, which was so pleasant to Ben Jonson's famous clique, there were ever the traces of settled melancholy—of a heart seeking rest and finding none.

There are little scraps in Herrick's writings which are rich in quaint and curious emblems, and full of true and earnest religious feeling, but the only poem of his which is retained in modern collections of hymns is the "Litany to the Holy Spirit."

"In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me," &c.

The hymn throughout is full of poetic thought and religious feeling; and although there is so much in the man's life to deplore, and so many "paradoxical combinations," we may yet charitably hope with him when he says:—

"I sing, and ever shall,
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all," &c.

We have already spoken so many times of

George Herbert in these papers, that we must here only give one or two specimens of his quaint and fantastic hymns. Here is a Life Lesson, culled from a posy of dead flowers:—

"Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,
And after death, for cures;
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours."

Here is another from the same source:—

"All things are busy; only I,
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

"I am no link of Thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed;
Lord, place me in Thy comfort; give one stream
To my poor reed."

A curious fancy is contained in the "Search for Peace." He started in the search,

"And going, did a rainbow note,
Surely thought I,
This is the lace of peace's coat;
I will search out the matter:
But while I looked the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

"At length I met a rev'rend good old man,
Whom, when for peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, and lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived, yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes;
But after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat,
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein,
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain which in thy garden grows
And grows for you;
Make bread of it, and that repose
And peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

THE HISTORY OF A DROP OF WATER.

PART I.

IT was nearly seven o'clock on a lovely morning in early June when Edith and Arthur ran into the summer-house at the bottom of the lawn. They found Adelaide and Lilly sitting there, both in clean print frocks, evidently fresh from their morning toilet.

"How hot and thirsty I am!" exclaimed Arthur,

throwing himself down on a bench; "oh for some water to drink, if only a drop!"

Just after Arthur said this, little Lilly jumped up and ran out of the summer-house. Presently she returned, carrying a large dock-leaf with a dewdrop hanging to it.

"See, Arthur, I have brought you a drop of water. Oh! please don't touch it; it is too pretty to drink—

it is only to look at!" and Lilly carefully laid the leaf on the old stump of a tree that served as table in the children's summer-house.

"I wonder how long it will cling to that leaf," said Adelaide; "it looks weak and trembling. Let us put this little plate, that we left here after dessert yesterday, underneath it, and then we can watch the dew-drop and see it when it falls."

In reply, a gentle voice was heard, saying:—

"Dear young friends, if you would like to listen, I will give you an account of myself, and try to answer any questions you may like to ask."

Then, without further preamble, the Dewdrop, in liquid tones, began its history.

"It is true I am only a drop of dew, and as such was born only this morning. All day yesterday I existed in a state of vapour, and floated in the joyous sunshine. Lightly, gently, and invisibly to you, I played round and about you. You know that the day was very hot, though the night has been chill and clear. All through the hours of the day, the earth had been taking in heat from the sun and giving it out to the air and everything around it. When the sun went down, the earth could, of course, get no more heat from his rays; yet still she kept on giving it out; consequently, she gradually became cool, and because the earth became cool, the air near to her grew so also. As soon as the air got cool, my particles of vapour came a little closer together, and then a little closer still, until they became too heavy to float any longer in the air, and then they fell upon this leaf. Thus was I formed a globe of water—a drop of dew; and to form me is as difficult as to make a world.

"Why I cling to this leaf, and how it is that my particles hang together in such a way that they form a sphere, and not a square, or any other figure, are questions which I cannot now stop to answer."

Just at that moment, shaken either by its own thoughts, or by some movement on the part of the children, the Drop slipped from the leaf and fell into the plate beneath.

"But," resumed the Water, after a moment's pause, "though as a drop of dew I am certainly only of to-day, yet, in truth, I am one of the oldest things in existence. Of course I had a beginning, though to myself I feel as if I had ever been. It will be no exaggeration on my part to call myself a universal traveller; for I have been round and round your globe—on it, or in it, or over it, times without number. The wildest dreams of that dreaming part of your race, called philosophers, have never conceived of such transmigrations and transformations as those which I have seen and to which I have been subjected. Changes of form, place, circumstances—of everything, in fact, except my essential character."

"Would you be so kind as to tell us about some

of your travels, and some of the changes you have had to undergo?" asked Adelaide.

"Surely," replied the Water; "but you must not look for a connected account of my experiences. There is one remarkable event in my life, that, distant far, is yet ever present to my mind because of the delightful sensations connected with it. I had been shut up in a kind of crystal prison; and in this prison my sleep had been most profound and unbroken, and had lasted for—ah! who can say for how long!—till suddenly—by what means I do not know—I found my prison doors set open and I myself free to recommence my journeyings and to renew my acquaintance with the world.

"I can recall the time, or the times, I may say, when things looked certainly very different to what they do now. I knew the time when the tops of your highest mountains were at the bottom of the sea. I have seen different parts on the globe, alternately sea, then land; then sea, and finally land again. I can distinctly remember the time (indeed, I may well so, for to me it is but as yesterday) when there were none of your race upon the earth.

"One thing," continued the Water, "has always struck me, since I could reflect at all, as being very remarkable, and that is the great superiority, as to quantity, that water has over land—I mean, of course, as regards the surface of your globe; for no one can tell of what the interior may be composed. First think of the great masses of water you call oceans; then of the water in the land, so to speak—of the inland seas, the rivers, the lakes, bays, and springs; then think of the depths of the waters below—the Mediterranean being in some parts as deep as the highest Alps, while the Pacific in some places is twice as deep as the Himalayas are high. Remember also the waters above—the vapour that is always floating over your head, invisible at times, at others manifesting itself as mist or fog; that rises into clouds, and descends as rain, or hail, or snow; not forgetting the snow that ever lies on the tops of some of your mountains, and the rivers of ice that move down their sides. Really, when you come to think much about it, there seems to be scarcely any land at all worth mentioning."

"Yes," said Arthur, "and yet we are as badly off as the Ancient Mariner—"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

"I suppose that you have been in the ocean at some time of your life," said Edith.

"Oh yes, indeed, many times," replied the Water, "and a glorious life it is to be part of a great ocean—that is to say, of the upper portion—to be ever in motion; now raging and foaming, with the fury of the tempest; now basking in ease and sunshine, but ever moving. Sometimes ebbing and flowing with its tides; rushing on to land, then back again; and sometimes madly racing on a part of some great ocean river three hundred fathoms down."

"Ocean river! what can that be?" asked Arthur, in astonishment.

"Ocean river," replied the Water, "is a term applied to the great currents of water that, in different directions, are ever flowing in the ocean. One of my currents, as I like to call them, leaves the Gulf of Mexico, and, under the name of the Gulf Stream, flows out through the Straits of Bahama. It then runs in a north-easterly direction past Newfoundland towards the Azores; is more than seventy miles broad, three hundred fathoms deep, and moves at the rate of seventy-five miles a day. When it gets near to the Azores it spreads itself out, so that in the centre of the North Atlantic there is a large space of warm water—that is, water that is eight or ten degrees warmer than the surrounding ocean, reaching from two hundred to three hundred miles from north to south. Sometimes this warmer stream stretches to the Bay of Biscay, and has been known even to send fruits and plants grown in America or the West Indies, as far north as the shores of Ireland, the Hebrides and the Orkneys.

"And now, considering that these currents are sometimes two hundred and fifty miles broad, more than three hundred fathoms deep, and flow more rapidly than the largest navigable rivers, do you not think that they may be correctly called 'ocean rivers?'"

"Yes, indeed," said the children, "they most thoroughly deserve the name; and we do not wonder that you enjoyed being in one of them."

"But still," said Arthur, after the Water had rested for a while, "I think I would much rather be a part of a real land river, than even an ocean current. There must be so much to be seen as it passes through many different countries."

"You would think so indeed, my boy," rejoined the Water, "if you had been, as I have, a part, for instance, of the Mississippi, and travelled in it for three thousand miles, beginning in the cold North among the snows, going on through pleasant temperate climates, till it reaches the lands where rice and cotton grow, and then falling into the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Truly, there is much to be seen during such a journey."

"I often wonder," said Edith, "where all the water that fills the rivers can possibly come from. How is it that there are those little springs always rising up on hills, and those little streams always running down?—that is my puzzle."

"There is vapour," said the Water, "always rising from the sea, sufficient not only for your rivers but also for all your springs and fountains, both hot and cold, mineral and salt. Just to give you an example of the quantity of vapour that rises up from the sea, I may tell you it is calculated that the Mediterranean loses by evaporation two-thirds more water than the nine rivers which flow into it bring back with them.

"You were saying, Master Arthur," said the Water, "that there must be a very great deal to be seen, as a river passes through so many lands, and that is very true; but, after all, it is the vast amount of work that is done, and the many ways of doing it, that makes one proud to be part of a great land river."

"Why, what can a river do besides flowing on and on, and carrying ships?" said Arthur, setting his eyes open wide.

"It is very evident that you have not been in Sir C. Lyell's company, or you would know somewhat more of the power of running water. A great river is always renewing the earth and destroying the earth, always taking from or adding to; at some places it removes land, at others it lays it down. During its course it may hollow out for itself different channels, curving and bending this way and that, as the Mississippi does, which makes such great curves in its path, that in some places, a vessel after sailing for twenty or thirty miles is brought round again to within a mile of the place from which it started."

"Well, that is certainly one way of 'moving on' without getting on," said Arthur, laughing.

"Or it may fall, a cataract of waters, down some vertical height, raging and foaming in the depths below; then rushing headlong through the valley, widening and deepening the narrow defile, and crumbling away by degrees the rocks behind, over which it has fallen; thus eating its way backward, so to speak, as the Niagara is thought to have done for the distance of seven miles, by which means the place of the celebrated Fall has been considerably altered. At another part of its career, swollen by rains, or arrested by some obstacle, it may break down its boundaries, overflow its banks, desolate the surrounding country, wash away whole tracts of land, hurl down mighty trees, and burying soil and trees and all that lived with them beneath its relentless waters, carry them all with resistless force to some far-distant part; and at another it may widen itself out, and flow peacefully on through smiling valleys and past waving corn, while the trees, and the cattle, and the dear old earth, drink of it and are refreshed. It may visit your towns, bearing on it your large ships from distant countries right into your docks; or some of its waters may be led for a while into by-ways and serve to turn your water-wheels and do you domestic service; or, as a canal, bring your sluggish barges into the midst of your manufacturing places."

The Water was still, and the children were silent for a time after this fluent description of a great river; till at length Arthur remarked, "I suppose it is the force with which a river dashes down steep places which makes it able to move and to carry away large pieces of rock and great trees."

"True; it is the velocity and weight together."

replied the Water; "and then you must remember also, that substances in water are not so heavy as they are when out of water."

"I think I can see clearly that a river must of necessity *destroy* a great deal, but I do not understand how it is that it can build up again," said Adelaide.

"But I think you will," replied the Water, "if you consider for a moment that a river lays down somewhere or other everything that it takes up. Some rivers deposit their spoils before they reach their final home. The Rhone, for instance, enters one end of the Lake of Geneva dark and turbid with the mass and mess of materials for reconstruction which it brings with it, but it issues from the other end bright and clear, a proof that it has made its deposits in and by the lake. Much land has thus been gained, so that an ancient town which once stood by the water's edge, is now more than a mile and a half inland. But most rivers lay down their sediment at their deltas."

"The delta of a river is its mouth, just where it enters the sea; is it not?" asked Adelaide.

"Yes; but you must please to remember that your 'just where it enters the sea' means really a very large space of land. A great river, before it enters the sea, generally divides itself into two or more streams, and the 'delta' is the space of low marshy land, more or less under water, between these streams and the sea. The Delta of the Ganges and Brahmapootra (you know both rivers flow into the Bay of Bengal) is, roughly speaking, more than a hundred miles in extent. To give you some faint idea of the quantity that a river may lay down, I may tell you it is calculated that, if a fleet of two thousand ships, each bearing fourteen hundred tons of mud, were to empty that quantity daily into the Bay, it would only equal that which the Ganges brings down with it, during a part only of its course. I think you will now allow that if land is destroyed, taken away, by a great river, land is also built up

again, so to speak, as day after day, year after year, the river lays down its tremendous burden of spoils—spoils that, becoming united into a solid mass, shall form the continents and the mountains, the 'dry land' of the coming ages."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

238. Why may we suppose that Moses and Elijah were chosen as companions of our Lord at the transfiguration?

239. What was signified in Exod. xxx. 15?

240. Name some instances which prove how necessary it is to make a covenant with one's eyes.

241. What is the meaning of the passage, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman?"

242. Quote some texts to show the ultimate design of Christ's work.

243. Why was Cain's offering rejected and Abel's accepted?

244. To what celebrated games did St. Paul refer in 1 Cor. ix. 24?

245. Which of the Mosaic annual ordinances remains to this day as a type unfulfilled?

246. By whom was the 72nd psalm written?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 496.

221. Gen. xxii. 15—17.

222. The gift of the Comforter and his own personal return (John xiv. 2, 3, 28—16, 19, 22).

223. That Christ is the firstborn of all creation—the archetype and beginning of it (Rev. iii. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 49; Rev. xxi. 5).

224. At Jehovah-jireh (Gen. xxii. 14).

225. Solomon's temple was built on Mount Moriah, where Abraham built the altar for Isaac (Gen. xxii. 2).

226. The brazen serpent that Moses had made was broken in pieces by Hezekiah (2 Kings xviii. 4).

227. "And being in an agony" (Luke xxii. 44).

THE BUTTERFLY.

A POEM FOR A CHILD.

HERE! I've caught you, butterfly,
Though you flew away so fast;
You had yellow wings, but I
Was too quick for you at last.

Ah! you're crushed and hurt, I see—
I am sorry now for you;
How I wish your wings could be
Just as when from me you flew!

You were made to love the sun,
And the blossoms to enjoy;
Why should I, in cruel fun,
All your pretty life destroy?

Why should I inflict such pain?
Never, never more will I
Be so cruel as again
Thus to catch a butterfly.

W. C. BENNETT.